

# THE KALIDA VENTURE.

Equal Laws, Equal Rights, and Equal Burdens—the Constitution and its Currency.

VOL. XIV.—NO. 13.

KALIDA, PUTNAM COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 677.

## From the Flag of our Union. AN EVEN HORSE TRADE.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

Somebody has affirmed (probably with malice aforethought) that the genuine out-and-out horse-jockey—one who lives in and by his 'profession' exclusively—is most merciless in his operations; that he will, instinctively, cheat his very grandmother, in a 'trade.'

It may be so, I remember one of the genus referred to, who was notorious, in New Hampshire, in his day, for the propensity described, and who was a 'hard one' in all the ramifications of horse-traffic.

Tim Brown, I say, was well known throughout the Granite State as a particularly difficult customer in this line; and his more immediate neighbors always avoided him—when purchasing a horse—for they were pretty certain of being skinned, if they dealt with him. However, one of them, an honest worthy wheelwright near him, wouldn't listen to the caution that was volunteered him, but in his credulity and safe honesty, bought a horse of Brown, for eighty dollars, and paid for him. The beast was worthless—and ten days subsequently, the goods heaped, innocently at the mechanic's glad to sell the horse for fifteen dollars! This man's name was Becket. He was of a 'serious turn of mind,' rather, and harbored no ill will toward Mr. Brown, who thus overreached him with a ring-boned pouter that had 'seen his best days,' full a dozen years before either Tim Brown or Mr. Becket had made his acquaintance. Mr. Becket forgave Brown—said nothing, and twelve months passed quietly by.

A year afterwards, or thereabouts, Mr. Becket was in his little wheelwright's shop, alone, one morning, when the door opened and a thin looking man entered, seeking employment. He said his name was Greene. He came from Vermont, had got out of money, hadn't had any breakfast, and could find nothing to do. His funds were all gone, he was willing to do anything for an hour at living, but had no particular 'calling' or trade to fall back on, in his emergency.

Mr. Becket pitied the stranger, at first, and then carried him into his house, where he provided him with a good breakfast. "And now," said the wheelwright, "I have no work for you here, but as you seem to be an honest meaning man, I will try your talent."

"You may trust me," said the grateful stranger, "and I'll give you a good account of my doings."

"Very well," added Becket. "Here's an old carriage I've been fixing up. I can't sell it here, and you may take it out of town, and trade it off. Return me seventy-five dollars for it—or a horse, or a yoke of oxen; do your best. Here's five dollars for your expenses; meantime, see what you can do."

With many thanks and more good resolutions, Mr. Greene left town, with Mr. Becket's old horse and cart.

"He may never come back," argued the wheelwright, "but I'll risk it. He looks like a well meaning man." And with this remark, he turned to his work again.

On the morning of the fourth day afterwards, Mr. Becket was started from his customary propriety by the sudden halting of a splendid bay horse before his workshop door, and a brief 'halloo, there!' from the lungs of his rider. He stepped out and recognized Mr. Greene, with unaffected enthusiasm.

"Well, what now?" he inquired. "I've come," said Greene. "So I see," responded Becket. "But where have you been?"

"Well, I s'pose it's yourn," continued the man he had befriended. And without more words, he moved the animal up and down the road.

He was a beautiful creature, truly!—Fine head, delicate ear, open nostril, arched neck, in capital condition, with clean limbs, showy mane and tail, and splendid gait.

"Ah!" said the wheelwright, when his agent briefly informed him that he had traded off the old team for this magnificent looking beast, and fifty dollars boot.

"Yes," continued Greene. "A capital trade—capital," concluded Becket.

The next morning, while the noble animal was being admired by the two friends, Greene turned him towards the barn (from the drinking-tank) when the horse stumbled head foremost against the side of the door. A second effort brought the brute hard up against the other side of the entrance, where upon examination, he was found to be totally and irredeemably sightless!

"Blind as a bat," exclaimed Greene, thoughtfully.

"My luck, precisely," added Becket, more in sorrow than in anger. And the 'splendid steed' was led into his stall again.

"That's a bad egg, sir," returned Greene.

But a thought—a reminiscence—an idea, popped suddenly into Mr. Becket's cranium. Pointing down the road some distance, he said to his new-made acquaintance:

"I have it! Do you see the tavern-post, yonder? On the right?"

"Yes, yes,"

"That house is kept by Timothy Brown. A year ago he sold me a horse; put the saddle on your beast here, and drive him down there."

"Yes," continued Greene.

"Pass the tavern and return. Put his best foot foremost, you know."

"Yes."

"See somebody there, Mr. Brown, if you can. All I ask is that you trade this horse with him. Go on!"

Greene was a Yankee, and seemed to take this brief advice very kindly; and soon afterwards the blind nag moved gracefully past the hotel, with Greene in the saddle.

Mr. Brown, the experienced jockey, saw the new-comer from his window. When he came back, he hailed Mr. Greene without ceremony.

"A good looking, you have there, friend," observed Brown. "Is he for sale?"

"No, no," said Greene, indifferently. "Just given him a little airin' that's all."

Brown examined the horse all over, and offered to give the stranger a good chance for a trade.

"There's a man, a friend of mine," urged Mr. Brown, "in the stable here, who would give you a smart chance at a dick-er, if you've a mind, I think."

And Mr. Greene reluctantly turned his horse's head into the yard, where Brown's 'foreman,' who was posted up in such matters, stood ready to take his employer's cue.

"Wal," said Greene, "wot do you want to dew? I can't stop long, for Billy'll get cold you see."

"I'll swap horses with you," suggested the foreman. "Your nag'll match one we've got here, exactly; and we'll give you a good trade."

"I don't want to talk about nothin' in the horse line," responded Greene, "less you've got a good 'un. I know what I've got, and I don't part with Billy, easy—wot?" he shouted. At this instant he quietly drove the rowl into his flank, and "Billy," as he called him, began to dance and prance most beautifully.

After a considerable parley, during which Greene declared that his nag had no fault, whatever, and just as Brown thought his foreman had concluded to exchange with him for one of the very best animals in his stable, of a different color only, Mr. Becket, the wheelwright, entered the yard, without recognizing his agent, however.

"Ah, Becket!" exclaimed Brown, "you are just in time. Come, leave it to Mr. Becket to decide what the difference shall be. Come, Becket, you know a horse as well as the next man," continued Brown; "you've traded horses some in your time, certain."

"Yes. I bought a horse once," said Becket, slowly, "and—"

"Well, never mind. What do you say, now? There's Charley, our best rider. You know him. Good for three times, any day; only seven, coming May; sound as a new dollar; gets up well; fast, square trotter; ten hundred, sure—how shall they trade?"

"Any warranty?" asked Becket, of Greene.

"Don't want any," said Brown, quickly. "I know a horse, I s'pose—that is, I call 'em I do—we pretend to know horses, we do; eh, Emerson?"

"I should say we did," remarked Emerson.

"Well, Brown, suppose he gives the man fifty to boot?"

"Rather hard on him, Becket—say even."

"No you don't," added Greene. "The man's about right. I should say seventy-five. Give me your horse and mounting 'Charley,' (one of the best animals ever known in the town), was soon out of sight. Mr. Brown and his foreman were highly delighted at this trade, while Greene and Becket had no occasion to be fault finders. Mr. Becket presented his friend

with the fifty dollars for his shrewdness—and immediately sold 'Charley' for two hundred round dollars.

Within four-and-twenty hours, Emerson and Brown ascertained that their magnificent steed was as blind as poor Bartimeo!

"Becket," exclaimed Brown, as soon as he could find the wheelwright, after the discovery, "Becket, did you know that scamp?"

"What scamp?"

"The fellow who sold us the horse."

"No."

"He's as blind as a lamprey eel."

"Who? the man?"

"No, the horse!"

"Shaw—you don't say so!" exclaimed Becket.

"Yes—sucked, awful! And between ourselves, Becket, not to go any further," continued the ancient jockey, confidentially, "twixt you and me, that was my horse that Emerson swapped away, 'Charley.' I refused two hundred dollars for him last week! But it was a fair trade."

"Well, Brown," responded Becket, slowly, "this is queer, to be sure."

"How queer?"

"Why, that very blind horse that you have got belonged to me."

"The dev—"

"No, the horse," said Becket, again interrupting the jockey. "You remember you sold me a horse a year ago, or more?"

"Look here, Becket, the man said he hadn't a fault."

"Well I suppose he considers this affliction a misfortune rather than a fault," replied the wheelwright, coolly.

"Sold completely?" insisted Brown.

"Sold! Well, Becket, you say nothing about this, and I won't. It's an even thing. I hadn't made a great heap out of it, you see, so don't preach."

They parted, though Becket couldn't resist the temptation to tell the story as I give it. But the man who can now sell Tim Brown a blind horse, must get up at a very early hour in the morning, if I am not mistaken!

**OUR STATUS IN THE CALENDAR.**—That very common question, "Where are we?" the American Almanac answers quite specifically. From its tables we gather these important facts:

We are in the 78th year of the Independence of the United States.

In the 1855th year of the Christian era.

The 5567th year of the Julian period.

The 5614th year of the world, Jewish reckoning.

The 2803th year since the foundation of Rome, and

The 2630th year of Olympiads, or the 2d year of 658th Olympiad, beginning in July, 1853; and, moreover, we are in the 1270th year since the Hegira, or Flight of Mahomet.

That's about where we are, at this present writing.

John Mitchell's paper, the *Citizen*, says of the Japan expedition:

Can it be that any agent of this Republic, and especially one who has charge of an American fleet—the brave Perry, who signified himself by his defeat of the English on Lake Erie, in the war of 1812-1814, now enters into a conspiracy against the independence of a free nation with the same tyrants who shed so much blood, and expended so much treasure to enslave his own native land? We cannot believe it. We shall wait for more light on the subject.

Mr. Mitchell may be surprised to learn that the brave Perry, who signified himself, &c., died more than thirty years ago.—*Rural New-Yorker*.

**CHIVALRY.**—A correspondent of the *Reform*, writes thus from Charleston, S. C., in illustration of the chivalrous and feudal spirit of the South:

Last week two clerks were publicly whipped in the market place for stealing from their employers. They were sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes, which were to be inflicted at three different times, and at such intervals, that the wounds caused by the first should be healed before the second punishment, and so of the third. At the first whipping of the unhappy victims of the barbarism of the middle ages, after suffering twenty strokes, fell bleeding and fainting and were carried back to jail. Ten thousand persons beheld this horrible spectacle.

**A GOOD SHOT.**—The best reporter we have lately seen, came from Prentice, the editor of the *Louisville Journal*. The editor of the *Alabama Flag* called it out by the following squib: "Why is the editor of the *Louisville Journal's* career through life like a celebrated tune? Because it is the 'dead shot,' loaded his piece, and taking good aim, let the *Flag* man have it right in his teeth after the following manner, to wit: 'Why will the editor of the *Flag*, at the close of his career through life, be like a tune of Paganini's? Because he will be executed on a single string.'"

Beautiful extract—helping a young lady out of a mud puddle.

**DRAWING IT MILD.**—Our British friends are not at all grasping or avaricious; they don't like "annexation;" in fact the world is so odious to them that they scarce ever take it, unless to censure a neighbor.

"Absorption" and "Sequestration" will answer very well for them. When they foreclose a mortgage they mark the new acquisition with an appropriate red shade, (a mild, soft word!) in their hands. We call attention to the following paragraph, from an English print:—

"The territory of Nagpore, or Berar, which has just lapsed to the British, is one of the ten states in India with which subsidiary alliances had been contracted. It has an area of 75,432 square miles, a population of 4,650,000 and a revenue of 4,808,560 rupees. The territory of Nagpore is nearly as large as that of Hyderabad, and as we have lately sequestered for debt the greater portion of the Nizam's dominions lying north of the Godavary, we have now possession of two-thirds of the great island, lately shaded green (as independent native territory,) in the centre of the maps of Hindostan. This green tint is everywhere disappearing before the red shade which denotes British domination, and every successive map of India affords a fresh illustration of the rapidity of the process."

Frame that extract, and hang it in your parlor, and there will be no need of going out of town in July to find a cool place.—*Boston Post*.

**SOME REQUISITES OF A GOOD TEACHER.**—He should possess an active temperament. If the teacher is dull, and apparently indifferent, most assuredly will his scholars be infused with the same spirit; but if his eyes sparkle with interest, and everything he says or does is done with a due degree of animation, he can scarcely fail to impart that vivacity of mind which will drive all sluggishness from the school room.

His reasoning powers should be fully developed, to enable him to give his pupils material for thought, to explain causes, and to create in them a spirit of inquiry. Much should be done to encourage the why and wherefore principles: care, however, should be taken, lest the teacher become too abstract and metaphysical. While thoroughness in all studies should be aimed at still there is a point in investigation, beyond which it is unprofitable to go.—*Com. School Jour.*

**LYNCH LAW.**—The Ripon, Wisconsin, Journal states, that near the Big Prairie in Wisconsin, a man named Cartwright had become, for some cause, obnoxious to the people, and they determined to drive him away. A few days ago two men attempted to set fire to his house, but he and his wife patiently extinguished it several times, the incendiaries constantly setting the house on fire again, until Cartwright becoming exasperated shot them both. A mob assembled, and captured Cartwright whom they hanged to a tree until he was dead, in the presence of his family.

In Sweden a new religious sect has sprung up, called the *Contemplators*, because they believe that, in meditating incessantly on the essence and qualities of God, they attain the perfection of saints. They think that everybody who does not join them will certainly be damned. A peasant named John Olsson, of the village of Otteslaet, in Gothenburg, cut the throats of his two children, one aged a year, the other eighteen months; to, as he said, preserve them from eternal condemnation.

**WHEAT, FLOUR AND BREAD IN LONDON AND PARIS.**—The highest quotation of wheat of first quality, at present in Paris, is \$2.48 per bushel, and in London \$2.72. It follows that wheat is 14 1/2 per cent. higher in London than in Paris. Flour of the first quality is worth in Paris \$16.62 per sack of 280 lbs., and in London \$18.00, or 8 1/2 per cent. higher in London than in Paris. Bread of first quality in Paris sells for 14 cents per loaf of 4 lbs., and in London 23 cents, or 65 per cent. dearer in London than in Paris. The deficiency in the wheat harvest in 1853, is estimated at twenty-four million bushels. The average imports are forty million bushels. Hence Great Britain will require, this year, sixty-four million bushels of imported wheat.

**THE PANAMA RAILROAD** will be completed and open for the transportation of cars from ocean to ocean by the 1st of August next. In the early part of February, upwards of three thousand laborers were engaged on the line, southward of the Opapo river, nearly two thousand of whom were on the Panama side of the summit. The facilities for transportation across the isthmus are now very great—so much so that passengers can cross with their luggage from Panama to Aspinwall in a single day.

**PACIFIC RAILROAD THROUGH TEXAS.**—The New York Pacific Railroad Company have determined to bid for the road through Texas under the late law. They will give deposit the \$300,000 required as forfeit. They will give a bonus to the State of \$2,000,000 of paid stock, one-half of which is to be a permanent fund to establish a Pease University, \$400,000 to establish a Lunatic Asylum, and the remaining \$600,000 for educational purposes generally.

**AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.**—The Rev. R. R. Gurley has published an appeal to the friends of the American Colonization Society, to co-operate in effort to raise one hundred thousand dollars or more, during the present year, over the ordinary annual contributions to the Society, to enable it to purchase or build one or more steamers or other ships, to run four times a year between the United States and Liberia.

British navy estimates have been printed and published. The increase in expenditure for the year commencing with April next is to be one million two hundred and two thousand four hundred and fifty five pounds sterling. The number of the force will be: Seamen, 41,000; boys, 2,000; marines, 8,000; marines on shore, 7,500; men in the packet service, 116; total, 59,500.

A woman, who gave her name as Harrison, supposed to belong to New Haven, died in Hartford, on Saturday, from voluntary starvation. She was discovered a few days ago, but steadily refused to take nourishment, and for a long time to give her name. The cause is supposed to be the desertion of her husband. Her age was about 30.

**RAPID GROWTH.**—In 1847 there was scarcely a dozen white inhabitants in the place now known as St. Paul, in Minnesota territory. The village now contains 700 houses, and 4,700 inhabitants. The amount of taxable property in 1853, was \$904,437. The capital at present invested in business is \$825,000.

A New York dealer has made \$68,000 by the rise in flour, which he purchased in September at \$5.75, and sold at \$9. There are Buffalo dealers whose good fortune has been equal to that. There is more than one house who would decline an offer of \$63,000 for their profits during 1853.

**AN APOSTLE.**—The Dundee (N. Y.) Recorder gives an account of a man in Chemung, who has subsisted for fifty years on milk alone. For several years past he has not been able to swallow even butter-milk. His body is emaciated, flesh soft and flabby; but he attends to business, and enjoys tolerable health.

The action of frost on potatoes and other vegetables disarranges the particles of matter and induces speedy fermentation. The nitrogenous matter acts on the starch and converts it into sugar similarly to the action of mashing. Hence the sweet taste of frozen potatoes.

While the Tremont House, Boston, was on fire on Tuesday, a member of the House of Representatives, moved an adjournment, to enable such of the members as boarded at the Tremont to look after their wives, children, and other baggage. The House adjourned.

The Prussians are pretty well off, it seems. In a population of sixteen and a half millions, there are only about half a million paupers, which is a small proportion, as things go at the present time.

The Maryland Senate, on the 27th ultimo, passed a bill to promote medical science, by legalizing human dissection.

A young man was sent to the State Prison from Poughkeepsie a few days since. While his mother was getting into the wagon to bid adieu to her unhappy son, the horses started and she was thrown on the ground and her back broken. She lived but a few hours afterwards.

A Scotchman who lately put up at Quebec, was asked the next morning how he slept? "Troth, mon," replied Donald, "nae vera weel either, but I was muckle better off than the bugs, for deal ane o' them closed an e'e the hale night."

The first cold cut nail in the world was made in 1777, by Jeremiah Wilkinson, of Cumberland, Rhode Island, who is still alive. A few years ago we saw the old workshop where the thing was done. It was "standing on its last legs."

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of the McDonough will, secures to the American Colonization Society about thirty thousand dollars per year for forty years.

On Thursday last week, two little boys at Hollisburgh, Pa. by some means got hold of a bottle of whiskey, and drank a large portion of it. Both were taken sick, and one died in convulsions the next day.

To prevent crows and black birds pulling up corn, keep a good supply on the ground for them to eat, as they won't work for a living if they can get it without. I have tried it with success for several years.

A bill has passed the Massachusetts Legislature by which county, city and town officers can be elected by a plurality of votes; heretofore it has required a clear majority for an election.

A traveler asked Bob Tipple, if he had ever been round the Horn. "No, sir," replied the innocent Bob. "I never goes round the horn, I a'n't ashamed to take it, no matter who's by."

The Milerites in Portland have renewed their zeal of late, and confidently predict the end of the world this year. Some fix the time on the 26th of May, when the great eclipse occurs.

The Wall Street Reporter says that the Emperor Louis Napoleon has lately invested between seven and eight millions of francs in various public securities in New York.

The Boston Chronicle says that one hundred and twenty members of the Legislature, besides those from Boston, go home every night, and that only ninety remain in the city.

The Illustrated London News, speaking of Nebraska Territory, says it is a tract of several million of acres, recently purchased by the Americans from the King of Mosquito.

The block of marble sent by the Pope, for the Washington Monument, was destroyed by some parties unknown, and the fragments deposited on the banks of the Potomac.

Dr. B. D. Carpenter relates in the Medical Times two cases of tetanus successfully treated by the application of ice to the head and the whole length of the spine.

A politician, from a rural region, being told in Washington, last week, that consuls had declined, asked to be informed which consul, for he might like the office.

Charles Dickens computes that one-sixth of the English people gain their livelihood from the trade with the United States.

Brandy punches have a tendency to make the sidewalk slippery. They also make one's head heavier than his heels, and his purse lighter than either.

If we may believe the census, every fifth person in the United States owns a horse, every tenth a dog.

The custom house valuation of the cigars imported in the United States last year, was \$3,311,335.

John Charles Gardiner, brother of Dr. Gardiner, who has been indicted for perjury, declares he will stand trial.

Gov. Bigler has been re-nominated by the Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention at Harrisburg.

No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed, can be altogether depressed.—*Carlyle*.

The Virginia House of Delegates has passed the bill for the suppression of small notes.

The population of California, it is said, has not increased to any extent during the past year.

There is a race of women in Ethiopia, according to Leplond, who are heavily bearded.

Nicholas I., Emperor of Russia, was born July 6, 1796, and is now 58 years old.